

International Harvester Farm Wagons

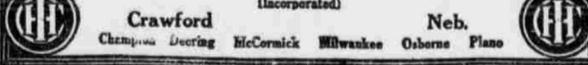


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SEE the International fifth wheel (pat-ent applied for) on Weber and Columbus wagons. This one feature makes these two wagons stand out above all the rest as the best and cheapest for a farmer to buy. The fifth wheel prevents the pitching and pulling up of the front bolster, and it does away with broken king pins and bent circle irons. It doubles the bearing surface of the bolster on the sandboard; it increases the life of the wagon; distributes strains more evenly, and therefore makes the work of hauling easier on the horses.

With all these points to recommend it, the International fifth wheel is worth a trip to town to see. Call on the IHC local dealer who handles Weber or Columbus wagons and ask him to show you the International fifth wheel. You cannot see it on any other wagon. If you do not know where to go, drop us a line and we will give you the name of the nearest dealer.

International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)



A Ridiculous Affair

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Bert, there is something I wish you to do for me."

"What is it, John?"

"It's a very simple job if done right, but a rather delicate one."

"Well, go on."

"Lucy, you know, is emerging from childhood into womanhood."

"Your daughter Lucy?"

"Yes. She is fifteen, a very dangerous age. And she is just now in great danger."

"How so?"

"A youngster of eighteen has been making up to her, and Lucy seems to fancy him. You never can tell what these youngsters may do. Lucy needs to go to school for several years yet. And as for this young Markland, he's nothing but a boy and is dependent on his father for a living."

"But what have I got to do with all this?"

"If I can tide Lucy over these bars till she gets old enough to have some sense she will take care of herself. You are thirty-two years old and a bachelor, within three years of middle age. You are my friend and to be implicitly trusted with my daughter. If you will pay Lucy a little attention and just enough to flatter her at receiving it from a mature man she will drop the boy. The spell being broken, she will be all right again till the next case of puppy love comes on. And quite probably she'll be nineteen or twenty before she experiences another affair, and by that time she'll have some sense."

"I'd like to help you, John, but I can't see how an elderly fellow like myself can have any influence over a child of fifteen."

"I don't wish or expect you to get her in love with you. I simply wish you to let her see the difference between a man and an undeveloped boy."

"Well, to please you I'll see what I can do, but I shall feel very queer trying to make believe that I am struck with a mere child."

"Come and dine with me tomorrow evening. After dinner I'll go around to the club for a game of whist. You can then make a beginning. Mrs. Grant, the housekeeper, will be at home, but no one else. You can have a game of lotto with Lucy, or dominoes, see?"

Mr. Bert Tisdale groaned.

"Oh, I know it will bore you," added his friend, "but really, Bert, I think you can do me a great favor. There's nothing I dread for young persons of both sexes like the period until they reach a marriageable age."

Mr. Tisdale had often seen Lucy Wentworth, but not since she had put away her doll. At the dinner the next day he noted her especially. She had somewhat developed since he had last seen her and was now a little creature, whose skin and other features still partook of the softness of a child's.

She had a very sweet smile and a pleasant prattling way with her. After dinner her father went out, remarking to his friend:

"Please excuse me, Bert; I have an engagement. Stay right where you are. I'll be back presently."

On Wentworth's departure Lucy, who had been asked by her father to entertain his friend for half an hour or so, proposed, not a game of lotto, but to sit side by side on a sofa and look over an album of foreign photographs.

During the next few weeks Mr. Tisdale made visits to Mr. Wentworth's house with increasing frequency. All seemed to go well.

"Good boy," said the latter, slapping the former on the back. "You're doing the job splendidly, but don't overdo it. I don't wish you to turn her head."

Tisdale forced an uneasy smile.

"By the bye," continued Wentworth, "I've got to go away on business. When I return Lucy's school will have come to an end for this year and I'll send her into the country. I've noticed that the boy has dropped out, but I think that next fall I'll take the precaution to send Lucy to boarding school. So long, old man."

Tisdale stammered a goodbye, adding that he would ease off in his effort to save Lucy while her father was absent.

Wentworth remained away a little longer than he had expected. When he returned he found that in his scheme to prevent his daughter from a premature marriage with a boy he had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. On entering his home he was handed a telegram:

Forgive us, Bertie and I have been married. It's all my fault.

Wentworth was thunderstruck. A week later the two chums stood facing each other.

"For heaven's sake, Bert," said Wentworth, "what in the name of conscience induced you to—"

"What induced me to?"

"I didn't dream that you were a natural born—"

"Any man exposed to anything in petticoats may be a fool."

"But Lucy! She's barely passed out of childhood. However, what can't be cured must be endured. You'd better take Lucy to Europe for a year or so. By that time she'll be more mature and the affair won't look so ridiculous."

The ridiculous affair occurred ten years ago. Mr. Tisdale is now forty-two and his wife is twenty-five. It does not occur to any one that there is anything ridiculous about their union.

The Last Shot In a Feud

By F. A. MITCHEL

A girl about seventeen years old, in calico dress, sunbonnet and cowhide boots, was walking through a wood in Kentucky on her way to a spring for water when, making a short cut in a bend in the path, she came upon a man asleep. He was young, but there was a hunted look on his face that made him look older.

There was a feud of long standing between the Griggses and the Backuses, and a few days before Abel Griggs had been shot and killed by Josh Backus. Since the killing all the Griggses had been looking for Josh in order to cut another notch on their rifles to make up for the latest Backus notch, said notches denoting the number killed.

The girl was Mahulda Griggs, and she looked down on Josh Backus. He had been driven by a cordon of Griggs' men, who were closing in on him, to the wood near Mahulda's home. He knew there was no escape for him and had thrown himself on the grass in despair. Having been long without food or sleep he had fallen into a slumber.

He awoke with a start and saw Mahulda looking down on him. Each knew who the other was, though they had never met before. Josh sat up and, handing his gun stock foremost to Mahulda, said huskily:

"You're a Griggs, I reckon, and I might as well own up that I'm Josh Backus as killed Abel Griggs. I'm sure to be taken and shot. I'd rather be killed by you than any of the Griggs men, and I'll be obliged to you if you'll put a bullet into me where it will kill me quickest."

The girl took the gun.

"Reckon I ort to kill you," she said, "seem' you killed one o' the best of us Griggs people."

"Put the ball thar," said the other, rising to his feet and tapping his heart with his finger.

"What did yo' kill Abel fo'?"

"To match the killin' of Jim Backus."

"Reckon you'll be killed to match the killin' o' Abel, and then another Griggs 'll be killed to match the killin' o' yo'."

"That's the way of it. Come, do the shootin'. Like enough, some one'll come along."

"I don't want to kill yo'," said the girl, bringing the gun to her shoulder.

"It's the best thing yo' kin do fo' me."

She aimed at him, then lowered the gun.

"I mought hide yo'."

"Hide me! You, a Griggs, hide a Backus?"

"Reckon."

"Ef your people would find it out they'd kill yo' fo' doin' of it."

"Sartin'."

"Well, what yo' goin' to do?"

"Hide yo', I reckon."

He stepped up to her, took her hand in his and looked intently into her eyes, where he saw a struggle between pity and self sacrifice on the one hand and revenge and possible death for herself on the other. And he saw, too, the moment when the decision came.

She took off her sunbonnet and handed it to him, then divested herself of her dress, which she also gave to him. He understood and put them on. When he was in her outer garments she put on his wooden shirt, trousers and hat.

"Yo' go down the path to the spring," she said, "it's on the edge o' the clearin' what yo' kin see across. Ef yo' don't see nary one go over. Ef yo're in danger I'll show myself till yo' git c'lar of 'em."

"But they'll shoot yo' to me?"

"Reckon not. Ef they do they'll have to hit me."

"Mayn't I have a kiss befo' I go?" he asked with a trembling voice.

"Reckon."

She received the kiss passively; then they parted to go in different directions, the man taking the bucket, the girl the gun. When he reached the spring he filled the bucket, at the same time casting his eye over the clearing. He knew that one of the cordon of Griggses was not far away; but, seeing no one, he started across. He hadn't gone far before he heard a voice:

"Hello thar! Yo' Mahuldy! Whar yo' goin'?"

He kept on without replying. Presently he heard the same voice say, "Mahuldy, ef that's yo', yo' come yere or I'll shoot at yo'!"

Backus kept on without reply. Then suddenly he saw a sun flash on a rifle barrel, and for a moment he hesitated. Then came the rifle's crack, but no bullet came near him. He shuddered, for he believed that Mahulda had shown herself and had received the fire. Hearing no further sound, he ran to the wood beyond the clearing.

The Griggses, who had fired supposedly at Backus and seen him fall, ran up to him. There lay Mahulda, pale and bleeding.

Quite likely the bullet that hit her saved her life. Her own people could not kill her, and the sacrifice she had made filled their hearts with compassion. When she recovered a meeting was called among the Griggses, and Mahulda was sent to the Backuses with a proposition to end the feud. There she met Abel Backus, who had little difficulty in persuading his people to agree to drop the killing.

Some months later a mingling of Griggses and Backuses celebrated the wedding of Josh Backus and Mahulda Griggs.



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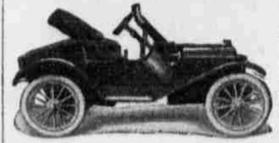
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Warship expenditure of the present time would have horrified the Emperor William I. Andrew D. White, for many years American minister in Berlin, records that in an interview with the old emperor in 1881 "he asked me some questions about the Elbe, in which I was about to travel to New York. I told him how beautifully it was equipped, it being the first of the larger vessels of the North German Lloyd. He answered: 'Yes; what is now doing in the way of shipbuilding is wonderful. This morning I received a letter from my son, the crown prince, who is at Osborne and has just visited a great English man-of-war. It is wonderful, but it cost £1,000,000 sterling (\$5,000,000)." At this he raised his voice and, throwing up both hands, said very earnestly, "We can't stand it, we can't stand it."—Chicago News.

Memory.

If it should be asked what possession I most valued I would say some beautiful memory. Memory is possession. It is the only thing on earth that is absolutely ours, which no one can take from us. We can produce and enjoy it in a crowd of uncongenial people as easily as if we were alone. No noise can drown its voice; no distance can dim its clearness. Strength, hope, beauty, everything else, may pass. Memory will stay.—Selected.

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Metallic sodium hardens lead without changing its color. Two per cent of sodium will harden lead so that it will ring when struck; a larger amount causes it to become brittle. The lead sodium alloy is sometimes used as a bearing metal.—London Express.

Just Got It Out.

"Why in the name of goodness," exclaimed a man to an acquaintance, "do you keep taking out your watch? Go to catch a train?"

"Well, no," answered the other. "To tell you the truth, I haven't seen my watch for a long time."

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